

THE  
SHEPHERD'S WEDDING:

A

SCOT'S PASTORAL ENTERTAINMENT,

O F

ONE ACT.

*Archibald Stewart*

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Mean-while peruse the following tender scene,  
And listen to thy native poet's strain.

HAMILTON.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

—♦—

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*Harding D2069*



## P R E F A C E.

THE *Shepherd's Wedding*, which I now offer to the Public, as the production of my leisure hours, is in the Scottish dialect.

Few men can expect praise by writing in this age, in which almost every man thinks himself robb'd of that praise which is bestowed upon another; and he is thought to want wit who will allow others to have any.

Former ages railed against such as wrote ill, but ours against such as write well; *they* were sometimes so unjust as not to reward merit, but *we* are so malicious as to persecute it. Thus we can neither want new books nor deserve them; and it hath been well observed, "That it would seem now, that none but mad-men write or censure."

This I say not to regret my own fate, as the Proposals for my small piece have met with success beyond my merit or expectation; and, though they had not, yet I am secure, by the want of that merit which alone can raise envy. But I say it is a most disagreeable reflection, that this should have stopt many ingenious men from giving information to their countrymen upon different interesting subjects.

No man should be vain because he can injure the merit of any piece; for the meanest rogue may burn a city or kill a hero; whereas he could never have built the one or equalled the other. An ordinary wit may discover faults in a good author; for the writer, being intent upon all, cannot bestow that industry upon every line which a malign-

nant critic is ever ready with, and who, like the wasp, fastens still upon the fore.

I am not much concerned about the reception of this trifle; it is my first production. Yet let the Ladies and Gentlemen, who have been so kind as to favour its appearance, consider my profession at present, and that I enjoy none of the advantages that can arise from a liberal education, and they will surely overlook such errors as may now and then occur. Few ever displeased, and none ever pleased all; so if I cannot please others, I will at least improve myself.

I return my sincere thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen who have given me such encouragement as to appear among the number of subscribers, while I remain, with the greatest respect,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your much obliged, and

Most obed. humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.



## TO CRITICS.

**S**TAND Critic, and before ye read,  
Say, are ye free of party fead?

RAMSAY.

NAE doubt but sic a piece as this  
Will twenty ways appear amiss;  
As ye are never slack, its kent,  
To stick poor things for merriment;  
Sae ane ill skill'd like me maun fa'  
A fatal prey unto ye a'.

O wae betide the day that I  
First e'er to write a sang did try,  
Far happier I might hae been,  
Gin I in print had ne'er been seen;  
But since its fae I fe no repent,  
Nor at my thrawart fate relent.

Sae gin ye still design to be  
A' fatal enemies to me,  
I swear by a' that is divine,  
By Burns, Apollo, and the Nine,  
Your pranks ye shall be made to rue,  
An' ye shall some day get your due.

Tho' I write bad, I am but young;  
An' gin I chance to find my tongue,  
I may some day at crambo clink  
By far exceed what ye can think;  
Sae tho' ye now ca me a coof,  
I dinna gie a kiss-my-loof.

But the best way to end the plea  
Is, whan we meet, to drink an' gree.  
Sure it can ne'er afford delight  
To speak ill o' your neebor's write,  
That may be, in your lug I fe tell,  
Ye canna do fae weel yoursel.  
An' ye shou'd a' remember this,

"If one writes bad, ten censure amiss."—POPE.

## THE PERSONS.

JOHNNY, a Country Laird.

PEGGY, Daughter to Johnny.

JAMIE, a wealthy young Shepherd, in  
love with Peggy.

SANDY, a rich young Farmer, uncon-  
stant to Peggy.

WILLIE, a Clown, and servant to Sandy.

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## S C E N E,

A WOOD, *with JOHNNY's House at a little di-  
stance among the trees.*

T H E  
SHEPHERD'S WEDDING:

A  
SCOTS PASTORAL ENTERTAINMENT.

---

SCENE, A WOOD.

*Enter PEGGY, followed by WILLIE.*

WILLIE.

S'TAY, bonny lads, an' hear what I've to say,  
Ye hinna heard sic news this mony day;  
My braw rich master, wha made you his care,  
Sent me to tell, he can do fae nae mair.

PEGGY.

An' is your racklefs master now untrue?

WILLIE.

As sure as death: He bade me tell to you,  
Whan we was laft in Embro, he saw there  
A bonny lads that dang him in despair.  
Sae he sent me ance-errand for to tell,  
He ne'er can loo a lads but bonny Bell.  
He'd tauld ye o't, but afore fowk thought shame;  
An' ever since he ne'er faw you alane:  
But he'll ne'er be again, believe ye me,  
A kindly joe as he was wont to be.

PEGGY.

I carena bye, it gies me little pain,  
Sin' he's untrue I'll get anither ane.

WIL.

WILLIE, *aside*.

That will be me, and by the sun I swear,  
She fall be mines in less than haf-a-year.  
Thanks to blind Cupid for his sicker aim—  
He's shot my master, an' the fields my ain.  
Sae tho' I'm auld, I'm nae way past my prime,  
An' she may be my wife yet in gude time.

SANG I.—*Tune, Johnny's Grey Breeks.*

O Peggy, fairer than the thorn  
Whan flourish'd at spring time o' year,  
Far sweeter than an April morn,  
I hope or lang she'll be my dear.

*Chorus.*

Syne I will blefs, and I will kifs,  
Thy bonny face, my smirky lafs;  
Cheerfu' and gay, baith night and day,  
The langest hours in glee we'll pass.

Her cheeks excel the reddest rose  
That ever hang upo' the brier,  
Her neck the fairest flow'r that blows;  
I hope or lang she'll be my dear.

*Chorus.*

Syne I will blefs, and I will kifs,  
Thy bonny face, my smirky lafs;  
Cheerfu' and gay, baith night and day,  
The langest hours in glee we'll pass. [Exit.

PEGGY.

Fause-sworn Sandy, sure can ne'er be right;  
For aft he vow'd by a aboon the list,  
That he wad never marry ane but me,  
Tho' now he's gawn anither's for to be.

SANG II.—*Tune, Low down amang the Broom.*

Sin' Sandy dis nae langer love,  
I'll think on him nae mair;  
Tho' aft he swore he'd constant prove,—  
Then I was a' his care.

*Chorus*



*Chorus.*

Sin' he's awa e'en let him gae;  
 Altho' he's now untrue,  
 I ablins foon may see the day,  
 That he'll his fausenefs rue.

For aften on a simmer night,  
 Upo' the gowany green,  
 He said nae lassie was fae tight,  
 Nor had sic killin' een.

*Chorus.*

Sin' he's awa e'en let him gae;  
 Altho' he is untrue,  
 I ablins foon may see the day,  
 That he'll his fausenefs rue.

*Enter SANDY.*

But shortsinfyne I sent my man to tell,  
 I ne'er can loo a lasfs but bonny Bell.  
 Sae gin the heavy news hae made ye dull,  
 Instead o' me ye may get my man Will.

*PEGGY.*

An' has my constant luvie a com'd to this—  
 What hae I said that ye hae tane amifs?  
 I'm sure ye ken I've made it a my care,  
 An' striven ay to please ye late an' air.  
 Sae weelawat I think it sets ye ill  
 To even me wi' your daft fervin' Will—  
 A rattle-pate, as void o' sense as gracc,  
 A laughin-stock to a' about the place.—  
 Consider, Sandy, whare fause-swearers gang,  
 An' a' wha mean a harmless lassie wrang;  
 Think, lad, how aften ye, upo' the green,  
 He ca'd me fairer than bright beauty's queen;  
 Forby, ye said that ye wad never rue,  
 Upo' your knees, an' vow'd ye wad be true.

*SANG III.—Tune, The Merry Ploughman.*

O Sandy, think how aft ye swore,  
 That ye wad never leave me;  
 Then nane but me you did adore,



Think, think, how aft ye left the pleugh  
 For your desires to move me ;  
 And, as I gently milk'd my cow,  
 You swore ye ay wad love me.

## SANDY.

Yes, bonny las, that's very true,  
 But now my fancy's faulter'd ;  
 I own, indeed, I've ta'en the rue,  
 My mind is fairly alter'd.

Nae mair I'll ever leave the pleugh,  
 For my desires to move ye ;  
 Nor praise your beauties at the cow,  
 To gar you true I love ye,

As aft I've done:—but now to end a' strife,  
 I hae nae need at present o' a wife.  
 To tell the truth, las, I hae little bye  
 To keep up twa sae braw as you an' I.  
 Nae doubt ye wad be owr nice for to spin,  
 An' kintra wark's owr fair for you ye'd fin';  
 Syne parrage in a mornin wadna gree  
 Wi' ane wha has sae lang been drinkin tea ;  
 Afore to Embro town ye gade awa,  
 Nae las's waift a' round I thought sae sma.  
 But hear me, Peggy las, the ither week,  
 Whan I was in Auld Reekie wi' some wheat,  
 I sauld it soon, the filler was laid down,  
 Sync I set aff, right fain, to see the town ;  
 An', comin up the Bow, wha shou'd I meet ?  
 But a bit bonny lassie, braw an' sweet ;  
 At the first sight my blude ran thro' ilk vein,  
 An' a' my breast at ance was set on flame,—  
 I was amaz'd to see a las's sae fair,—  
 I stood stane-still, an' did upo' her stare ;  
 Fain wad I spoken to her gin I durst ;  
 For, ye maun ken, my heart was like to burst.  
 But strickly I gied orders to my man  
 To follow clos, an' see whare she did gang.

An'

An', since he brought me word, deed I inten'  
 To pay her soon a visit, ye maun ken;  
 For sin' I saw her I hae ne'er been right;  
 Nor hae I sleepit sound a single night.  
 Now, tho' I change, ye maun e'en me excuse,  
 An' nae, for being fause, my name abuse.  
 At ance I'll plainly tell my mind to thee,  
 The Embro lassie is the ane for me.

PEGGY.

An' do ye think that e'er can cast me down,  
 Altho' I'm slighted by a kintra clown?

SANDY.

Clown! I red ye lafs, tak gude care what ye say  
 Till ane ye ken's ye're better ony day;—  
 I've a ha-house, I hae baith goods an' gear,  
 An' nane about can boast o' sicken cheer;  
 'Then, whan I've ony time, I'm sure I read  
 Books that ye wadna ken, tho' ye them seed;  
 An' Jean, a witch, did prophesy langsyne,  
 That I wad be a great man in my time;  
 She tauld likewise, that I wad get a wife  
 Wha wadna hae her match 'tween here an' Fife,  
 An' that her beauty ilk ane shou'd inspire,  
 An' a wha seed her wad be set on fire.—  
 Sae fare-ye-weel; but stop, afore I gang  
 I'll entertain ye wi' an auld Scots sang.  
 Or I gae on, allow me for to tell,  
 That a' the hints ye may tak to yoursel;  
 For weel its kend, or I the sang begin,  
 Town-wives wad rather sleep a day as spin.

PEGGY.

I'm sure I was na in the town sae lang.

SANDY.

Snuffs, haud your claik, an' I'll gie you my sang.

SANG

## S A N G IV.

*An old one adapted to the Piece.*

There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,  
 An' she wad gae try the spinning o't,  
 But she fell asleep, and her roke took a low,  
 And that was an ill beginning o't:  
 She lap and she grat, she slet and she slang,  
 She threw and she drew, she wringl'd and wrang,  
 She bocked and chocked, and cry'd, let me hang  
 That ever I try'd the spinning o't.

She had been a wife for three-score o' years,  
 And never did try the spinning o't,  
 But how she was farked, foul fa them that speers;  
 For it minds her o' the beginning o't.  
 The women now-a-days are turn'd fae braw,  
 That ilk ane maun hae a fark, some maun hae twa,  
 But the world was better whan fint ane ava,  
 But a wee rag at the beginning o't.

But, in spite o' my counsel, if ye wad needs run  
 The dreary sad task o' the spinning o't;  
 Gae seek out a lown place, at the heat o' the sun,  
 Syne venture on the beginning o't.  
 To do as she did, alake and avow—  
 To busk up a roke at the cheek o' a low,  
 They'd say that ye had little wit i' your pow,  
 As little—I've done wi' the spinning o't.

Now fare-ye-weel, I'll never loo ye mair.

PEGGY.

An' weelawat I'm fure I dinna care;  
 For sic a lad as you nae lasfs need green,—  
 Faufe the day, tho' promis'd true yestreen.  
 Gae to your Embro lasfs; but troth I fear,  
 Or ye're lang married we ill news will hear.

SANDY.

That's like enough, but I'm fure I'll ne'er rue  
 That I, for her fair face, e'er slighted you;

For

The sient ae penny ye've I'm sure laid bye,  
 An' I need meikle byres to haud my kye,  
 Sae troth gin ane want filler, now-a-days,  
 Altho' they gang like gentles in their claithe,  
 Few lads will to their mem'ry lilt a sang;  
 Its filler, lads, that makes the mare to gang.  
 Some lasses never think they're right ava,  
 Until they're woo'd, marry'd, an' awa,  
 Tho' they've nae planishin amaisht ava.

SANG V.—*Tune, Lewis Gordon.*

Some lasses never think they're right,  
 Until they're marry'd and awa,  
 But then, upo' their bridle night,  
 They hae nae planishin ava.

*Chorus.*

Sae, lassie, I wad hae ye think,  
 Afore ye meddle wi' the men,  
 To spin some blankets, buy a bink,  
 An' kave to keep a clockin hen.

Commend that lassie for a wife,  
 Wi' filler and providing made;  
 Wi' her I'd calmly yoke for life,—  
 Ye canna blame me tho' I say't.

*Chorus.*

Sae lassie I wad hae ye think,  
 Afore ye meddle wi' the men,  
 To spin some blankets, buy a bink,  
 An' kave to keep a clockin hen.

[*Exit.*

PEGGY.

Nae woman sure cou'd be a happy wife,  
 Gin she was join'd to sic a fool for life.—  
 Young Jamie is a shepherd, blyth and gay,  
 That I hae slighted lang an' mony a day;  
 But I'm determin'd, whan we meet again,  
 To be far kinder to the lovely swain;  
 I'll sooth the heart that I hae lang made fair,  
 An' ever after mak him a' my care.

B

SANG



SANG VI.—*Tune, Ettrick Banks.*

Sure Jamie does me dearly love,  
 Then why shou'd I nae do the same?  
 Tho' carelefs I strive ay to prove,  
 Whan e'er he speaks my breast's on flame;  
 An' whan I meet him on the hill,  
 Out owr frae a we sit alane,  
 O' love I'd let him tak his fill  
 Gin it was na for modest shame.

Whan next I meet the lovely fwain,  
 I'll mak an end o' a this strife;  
 I'll ease his heart, and sooth his pain,  
 And gie consent to be his wife.  
 Let Sandy gang, he's but an afs,  
 He'll get the slight, and that ye'll see;  
 He kens na how to court a lass,—  
 Sae Jamie is the lad for me.

I maun awa;—here Sandy comes I fear.

*Enter WILLIE.*

Say, bonny Peggy, is my master here?

PEGGY, *angrily.*

Na, he is gane, an' let him ne'er come back,  
 For a' he has I wadna gie a plack;  
 Sae, gin ye want him, him ye may gae seek,—  
 Ye'll readily find him at his ingle cheek.

WILLIE, *aside.*

I'll lay my lug, that master now an' her  
 Hae parted baith, or may I never stir.  
 As I hae lang, altho' I didna tell,  
 Had a strang notion o' the lass mysel,  
 I ablins may succeed; sin' nane are bye,  
 I'll courage tak an' bauld my fortune try;  
 What tho' I only am a servin' lad,  
 An' mony year's young Sandy's pleugh hae ca'd;  
 I now am worn up, to a sturdy man,  
 An' troth I'll hae a wife as soon's I can.

Peggy.



PEGGY.

What keeps you there, ye silly fool, sae lang?

WILLIE.

Because, to tell the truth, I canna gang—  
O gin ye only faund but haf my pain,  
Ye wadna look at me wi' sic disdain;  
Gin ye thought I'd be true, I'm sure ye'd be  
Far kinder, lassie, than ye are to me.

PEGGY.

Ye foolish gowk, ken ye wi' wha ye prat,  
I wifs ye'd be mair sparín' o' your chat;  
Think ye a lass wi' ony sence or grace,  
Wad tak a laughin-stock to a' the place?

WILLIE.

Tent what you say! or ye will maybe rue,  
A' tales whilk clashers tell are seldom true;  
Mind its a kittle point to mak out a',  
An' gin ye still me jeer, I'll tak the law.

PEGGY.

I beg that ye'd gang hame, an' clout your hose  
Ahint th' ingle, there tak your cog o' brose;  
An' or ye learn mair manners, ne'er preten'  
To do the thing ye naething about ken. *Exit.*

WILLIE, *alane.*

Now, fare-ye-weel, altho' that ye be shy  
An' winna hae me, troth I carena' bye;  
I'll aff as fast's I can, an' tell my mind  
To ane wha, I'm right sure, will be mair kind;  
But stop awae! I'm sure I dinna care  
Altho' I try the bonny lass ance mair.

SANG VII.—*Tune, the Auld Wife ayont the fire.*

Young lasses at the best are shy,  
And aft they lads at first deny,  
Or a be done they will comply,  
To be their ain for ever.

*Chorus.*

Sae I'm design'd to try her fair;  
Sae I'm design'd to try her fair;  
Sae I'm design'd to try ance mair,  
To mak her mine for ever.

Nae doubt I am a pleughman lad,  
An' lang young Sandy's pleugh hae ca'd;  
Yet I'm maist sure the sly young jade  
Will be my ain for ever.

Sae I'm, &c.

What tho' I am o' low degree,  
An' has nought but my penny fee,  
I am determin'd, or I die,  
To mak her mine for ever.

Sae I'm, &c.

An' whan we are made man an' wife,  
We'll ever mair be free o' strife,  
An' lead a quiet canny life,  
Whan we are join'd for ever.

*Chorus.*

Sae I'm design'd to try her fair;  
Sae I'm design'd to try her fair;  
Sae I'm design'd to try ance mair,  
An' mak her mine for ever.

[*Exit.*

*Enter JAMIE, alone.*

I'll rest me here a while upo' this brae,  
As I expect young Pegg. to pass this way,—  
A bonny lassie that I dearly love,  
Tho' lang I've strove in vain her heart to move;  
Yet still I think the lassie does herself  
Dearly loo me, altho' she winna tell.  
My pipe, afore I saw her, did me please,  
But its sweet music now can gie nae ease.  
The spring again revives the scented meads,  
An' shepherds on them blythly tune their reeds;  
But their sweet liking can nae comfort gie,  
To ane wha is sae deep in luv as me.  
Afore the blobs o' dew had left the corn,

Right early comin' trippin' ower the green,  
 To me far fairer than bright beauty's queen;  
 But whan I spoke she carelefs ran awa,  
 An' cry'd, Sic a like lad she never saw;  
 Wi' that my heart amais't lap frae its hole,  
 Sic flightin' words frae her I canna thole.—  
 O Cupid! either change the lassie's heart,  
 Or frae your weel-string'd bow send a sharp dart,  
 To let her ken that I am true and leal;—  
 Gie her a swatch o' the fair pain I feel:  
 For gin she dinna soon gie me relief,  
 I'll break my heart, an' die wi' heavy grief.

S A N G VIII.—*Tune, Fygar rub her ower wi' strae.*

Ae morning, early in the spring,  
 Whan on ilk bush an' noddin' spray,  
 The feather'd warblers sweet did sing,  
 And ilka thing appeared gay;  
 I met my bonny Pegg, right air,  
 Comin' ower the mead alane;—  
 Her shape was neat, her face was fair,  
 And like her I thought there was nane.

Her coats were kilted and did shaw,  
 As she came nearer to my view,  
 Her trim legs, whiter than the snaw,  
 For she was wadin' thro' the dew:  
 Her cheeks were like the singie rose,  
 Her breast was like the lilly fair,  
 A' down her back, in bonny rows,  
 In shining ringlets, hang her hair.

*Enter Peggy, looking about her.*

How do ye lassie? hae ye nought to say?  
 Will ye na rest ye on this gowany-brae?

PEGGY.

Wi' a' my heart;—this is a bonny day.

JAMIE.

Indeed it is;—and now fin' we're alane,  
 Ap' gin ye will consent to sooth my pain,

I'll tell ye plainly, as I've done afore,  
That ye're the only lafs that I adore.

PEGGY.

Gae wa young man, ye surely do but joke,  
Gin that's a' ye've to say I'se to my roke;  
For idleset will feldom, now-a-days,  
Fill folks wame, or cleed their back wi' claithes.  
Now I maun hame, for its far i' the day;  
Sae fare-ye-weel, gin that's a' ye've to say.

JAMIE.

To let ye gae, my dear, I wad be laith;  
An' gin ye gang by force 'twill by my death;  
For weel you ken I dearly do you love.  
Say what gars you sae cruel to me prove?  
Consent, dear Peggy, for to gie your hand,  
Syne a' my goods an' gear ye fall command.

PEGGY.

I'm very fure that ye wad ne'er be true;  
But, juft like ithers, I swear, then tak the rue,—  
Syne gang awa an' leave me—then I'd be  
Far better fingle, lad, than join'd to thee.

JAMIE.

Now weelawat, my luv, ye wrang me fair,  
By thinkin I wad e'er leave ane fae fair.—  
May deadly rot deprive my sheep o' life  
Whan I refuse for to mak you my wife;  
Tho' ye shou'd ne'er be mines, while I hae breath,  
To marry ony elfe I wad be laith.

SANG IX.—*Tune, Will ye go to the Ewe-buchts  
Marion.*

I wad be laith, dear Peggy,  
Thro' faufenefs you to wile,  
Or yet betray my Peggy  
With a facetious smile.



For you I hae a passion  
 That's candid just and true ;  
 Nae beauty, in fine fashion,  
 Cou'd steal my heart frae you.

PEGGY.

How can I trust you Jamie ?  
 Your heart is ill to ken ;  
 And ye are certain, Jamie,  
 There's mony fause-sworn men.

Some lassie young and headless,  
 Might to your vows say aye,—  
 To fath me mair is needless,  
 For I will ne'er comply.

JAMIE.

What pleasure do ye tak in gi'en pain,  
 Whan weel ye ken besides you I loo nane ;  
 Nor ne'er can loo ane else while I hae life,  
 Sae speak, an' gie consent to be my wife.

PEGGY.

Weel, Jamie, since ye're promis'd to be true,  
 I grant, lad, baith my heart an' hand to you ;  
 An' weelawat to tak ye I'm content  
 Sae soon's ye get my father's free consent.

JAMIE.

That's no be lang, for aft he has tauld me,  
 Whan I gat your's he likewise his wad gie.

SANG X.—*Tune, Katharine Ogie,*

The wretch wha lang in prison's been,  
 Till by some chance releas'd,  
 To snuff the air, and view the green,  
 Wad surely be weel pleas'd.  
 Alike I am rejoic'd to hear  
 Thy words sae blyth and cheery ;  
 I soon fall be thy ain, my dear,  
 And ye fall be my deary.

Peggy.



## PEGGY.

The sailer wha's been lang at sea,  
 On waves like mountains heezed,  
 His native land, ance mair to see,  
 Wad surely be weel pleased.  
 Alike I grant to you, my love,  
 My heart and hand for ever;  
 Naething, except the pow'rs above,  
 Our company can sever.

## JAMIE.

Now, bonny lass, I'll to your father gae,  
 An' or I leave him fix our wedding-day. *Exit.*

*Enter Sandy, as newly return'd from town, Peggy stands at the side-wing; after a long pause Sandy speaks.*

I've been at Embro, there I saw the lass;  
 She leugh an' jeer'd an' said I was an ass;—  
 How cou'd I think, she said, that ever she  
 Wad marry sic a kintra gull as me.

PEGGY, *aside*.

She serv'd him right; I'm e'en rejoic'd to see  
 Him get the slight as he did gi't to me.

## SANDY.

The deil tak her an' beauty baith, say I,  
 For a' I promis'd she wadna comply,  
 But, wi' a scornfu' voice an' een mair pawky,  
 Bade me gang hame an' court some kintra gawky.  
 Sae let her gang, I'm sure I dinna care,  
 I'll get my Peggy wha is far mair fair—  
 She winna be fae nice or I'm mista'en,  
 An' I fall marry her or I gang hame.

PEGGY *comes foreward*.

Nane doubts ye, lad, gin she wad now ye take,—  
 Gae to your Embro lass, ye worthless rake;  
 I tauld ye, or lang it a' wad come to this,  
 An' weelawat ye're serv'd as I cou'd wifs.

*Enter*

Enter WILLIE.

SANDY.

What, Master Rattle-pate, do ye want here ?

WILLIE,

I think it sets ye ill, kind Sir, to speer.  
Do ye na ken, that Peggy here an' me  
Hae sworn to loo ilk ither till we die ?

PEGGY.

I wonder, Willie, how ye can fae lie.

SANDY.

An' fae do I; but I shall let him ken  
'The distance atween masters an' their men.  
'Think ye, daft silly fool, that ever the  
Wad gie consent to tak ye afore me.

WILLIE.

An' what for no ? I'm sure I am as gude,  
'Tho' no fae rich I'm o' as gentle blude,  
I red ye, Sir, tak gude care what ye say,  
In case I for your scandal mak ye pay.

SANDY.

Ye'll mak me pay, tak that to heat your cheek,  
Syn'e wi' mair manners to your betters speak.

[strikes him.

WILLIE.

Deel tak me gin I dinna pay that hame;  
An' for your kindness, Sir, e'en tak the same.

*They both fight for some time, till Willie runs off,  
and speaks at the side-wing.*

Ye've got enough ye'll no soon green I true  
To touch wi' ane afore he touch wi' you.

Enter JOHNNY and JAMIE.

JOHNNY

Free unto you, my honest hearty boy,  
I gie my daughter, an' I wish ye joy.

An'

An' we'se hae dancin soon, an' fine parading,  
 Or am mistane, at our young Shepherd's wedding.  
 What tho' her tocher shou'd be very sma  
 Ye'll find it better ay than nane ava.

JAMIE.

I gie you thanks.—Your daughter I wad tak  
 To be my wife, altho' no worth a plack.  
 To speak the truth, she in her little coat  
 Is dearer to me than a banker's stock.

SANDY, *aside*.

Now I maun be content, an' nae mair pine,  
 Its plainly seen she never can be mine.—  
 Let ither lads an' lasses mind my fate,  
 An' marry their auld joes or its owr late.

PEGGY.

To Jamie soon I fall be join'd for life;  
 An' gin he's kind, I'll prove as kind a wife.

SANG XI.—*Tune, Pinky House.*

JOHNNY.

Sin' ilka ane is now content,  
 Let's hail the happy day,  
 On whilk he got my Meg's consent,  
 To be his ain for ay.  
 Let meikle luck attend them baith,  
 My blessin they shall hae;  
 And may their luvè still last, till death  
 Tak ane o' them away.

SANDY.

I'll ever live a single life,  
 Sin' frae my breast she's torn,  
 Wha ance I thought wad be my wife,  
 Far sweeter than the morn;  
 Her breath was fresher than the spring,  
 Or hay whan newly shorn;  
 Her face was fair as dew-draps hing  
 Upo' the flourish'd thorn.

Jamie.

## JAMIE.

My lovely lafs, I now am thine,  
 And you fall never rue,  
 Ye gied consent for to be mine,  
 As I'll be ever true;  
 Then we'll be marry'd in short time,  
 Your weddin gown's be new,  
 Gin I can hit it, nane fall shine,  
 Nor be sae braw as you.

## PEGGY.

Jamie, let that gie you nae pain,  
 I'm sure ye'll constant be;—  
 I wed for love, and no for gain  
 O' riches, nor degree.  
 I am content, you are the same,  
 As a' may plainly see:  
 Sae lang as Peggy is my name,  
 Naething can alter me.

*Chorus by all.*

The morn, by day-light, I hope,  
 We fall hae grand parading,  
 An' lang or night we'll dance an' loup  
 At the young Shepherd's Wedding.

F I N I S.







